

## A specialist

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## A specialist

by [Searofyr](#)

### Summary

From the journal of Salyn Darovi, no title, Akavir 3E.

Some has-beens in exile have to deal with bureaucracy. Thankfully there are skillsets that outlast divinity.

The day started out great with Lothryn knocking on our door saying “Sil? We need a diplomat.”

Sil softly sighed, brows furrowed, and continued to sip his tea. He wasn’t in the best of moods to start with cause he has a cold. He’s not used to these anymore, been a few millennia since he last caught one, and while that’s adorable, I also want to shield him from all outside annoyances and strain. So I asked back, “How bad is it? Aren’t you good with words yourself?”

“I’m mediocre with words,” Lothryn said, muffled through the door. “You just think I stand out cause others are even worse.”

“So what did Divayth do?”

I heard muted laughter. “So these Tsaesci bureaucrats sent building inspectors, and they’re fussing around the growing site for the tower. Some rubbish about building regulations. There needs to be so and so much spacing between this and that, and there need to be material regulations followed for what goes on the ground and for any drainage and...” He ended in an exasperated groan.

“And that didn’t go over well.”

“We tried to explain that this was all natural and you can’t control the growth to that degree but the

only material going on the ground is fungus and then plants, and then they thought we were some crazy pacifistic nature cult they had next town over. House Telvanni, a pacifistic nature cult. So Divayth called them imbeciles. Then they got upset for some reason.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, meanwhile Sil just let out another sigh. “Couldn’t you,” he started saying, but his voice was hoarse, and he started coughing. “Oh come in already.”

Lothryn joined us at the small table in our room. “Unwell? I can take care of that.” He looked Sil over. “But I normally advise to wait a while if it’s a new condition or place. And to you it’s both, well, wasn’t new back in the day, I remember that much, you were as bad then as I was in this life before I got corpurs. But now it’s new. You’ve got a mortal body, and it’s got no idea what to do with all these diseases. Give it a moment. If it gets too bad, or your condition changes, I’ll fix it. Alright?”

Sil lowered his eyelids in a mock threat and said in a low, strained voice, “And still you want me to talk.”

“Sorry bout that. And... you were saying something earlier?”

“Yes. Couldn’t you convince them? You deny it, but you have a presence that makes people follow you. They don’t always know why, but they do.”

Lothryn scoffed. “I don’t know about that. But anyway, what we need isn’t some magical presence, real or imagined, we need someone who is uninvolved in their eyes, and who can argue the finer legal details of their inane regulations. And you know, there’s one person among us all who is a specialist in arguing finer legal details with difficult people, say, Daedric Princes for example, *and* who is a specialist in inane regulations, you could say in fact, he *invented* all kinds of inane regulations and made a newly created city run on them pretty seamlessly...”

Sil closed his eyes and exhaled in resignation. “I’ll never be rid of this. Fine. Fix my voice at least.”

Lothryn cast a spell, explaining it’d last for a few hours, but he shouldn’t overdo it or it’d just get worse afterwards.

Sil started the portal. Of course. He still does that, and especially now. Why walk anywhere? “At the mercy of a Telvanni healer,” he muttered. “This is what you get for allowing that to happen.”

“You know,” Lothryn said, “you could thank me.”

“I could,” Sil said, “or I could stay at home and get the rest that you recommend everyone else. I could avoid talking so that I don’t need this.”

Lothryn hung his head. “Sorry about that.” Then he looked up with a crooked grin. “You know though, it’s nice seeing this side of you again.”

Sil stopped in his motion, probably weighing the heavy statement and everything that had led to the changes. He sighed at last. “Thank you.”

“Just this,” Lothryn promised. “Sorry and thanks.”

“Am I coming along?” I asked.

Sil paused and looked at me. “Would you?”

I got up. "Of course I would. Always."

Sil led us through the portal to the tower construction site. Growing site. Whatever they want to call it.

It took a lot of effort, talk and compromise, but in the end Sil convinced the building inspectors that everything was in perfect order and that he would personally make adjustments to the construction to make sure all local regulations were met. This is going to involve metal components mixed with the fungus because that's what the local laws say, or rather they say nothing at all about mushroom towers, but Sil convinced them it was basically a wood construction, just a Tamrielic mage specialty, and with that we had a category to work with, and it just needs additions to the initial plans.

Divayth wasn't happy but let him cast his bureaucratic spells. We both stayed in the background, knowing we'd do more harm than good by getting involved.

When the inspectors had signed off everything and left, Divayth complained about the planned metallic pipe interferences, and then said without preamble, "You may not be a god anymore, but some things you still do better than the rest of us. Bureaucracy being one of them."

Sil showed the smallest smile. "Apology accepted. Surely you two can make the fungus grow around those elements so that it isn't harmed or inconvenienced."

Divayth pursed his lips. "We'll manage. Lothryn's first tower was in a region full of large rocks, that's why the land was so cheap and they gave it to someone of his low status of the time. He managed to grow around that somehow and work it in. He can repeat the trick. Portal?"

"If you please," Sil said, looking just tired now.

When Sil had gone ahead through the portal home, Divayth turned to me. "Sick, isn't he?"

"Yeah. He can only talk cause Lothryn did some temporary spell. He's not happy."

"You're working some spell of your own. He didn't use to be that patient under those conditions. No matter what the occasion, when he felt unwell enough and something annoyed him, he'd just get up and leave."

I had to grin at that. "That's not so different from a normal day in Clockwork City."

"See? It was a good idea to take you along back then. That's all I wanted to say."

And we followed them to our temporary home, where Lothryn was already back to brewing potions and Sil was sitting on a chair, looking like all energy had been drained from his body.

"All's saved," I said.

"I know," Lothryn said, "thanks."

"I didn't do anything," I said. Then remembered the conversation I'd just had. "Well, nothing tangible anyway." I stepped up to Sil and wrapped my arms around him.

He sighed and partially relaxed against me.

Lothryn turned to us, pointing at his brewing. “Promise these’ll be better than any short-term spells. Potion number one will be done in a few minutes. It *was* done, but then the fucking snake knocked it all over. Had to start again.”

At last, Sil broke into silent laughter. Always enchanting. Including when he gets interrupted by a cough.

He leaned back against me, and I held him more tightly. “You know,” he began, his voice starting to crack again. Apparently he thought better of whatever he was going to say, and just said, “Finally.”

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